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THE RISEN CHRIST

by Botticelli

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Ours For Keeps

Flowers, rabbits, and eggs—alien elements in a commercialized holiday-minded Easter. Perhaps, but we can use them as lessons and symbols on Easter Day and all Eastertide.

The flowers are ready to edify us. They are a beautiful monument to the fact that we die to live, we are buried, we lay down our life as goal and purpose. We are raised, even in this life below, to better beings as children of God. That is done for us in the sacraments and done with us as we endeavor to obey.

The rabbit in the folklore of so many nations is the example of wit conquering violence, of wisdom proved abler than power. The ancient Fathers liked to stress the cunning of God, His superior sagacity over that of Satan, the world and the flesh when He devised the Incarnation and redemption as the way of luring mankind back to loving Him. God set a trap for the devil: would he so hate Christ as to try to end Him by getting Him crucified? Satan

bit; he inspired the death on the Cross and so enabled our Lord to be the only serious contender for the hearts of true, brave, loving people. If we smile a bit at St. Augustine's discarded Trap Theory of the Atonement, let us not fail to admire the cleverness of our Father in His manner of saving us.

On our part, are we being sagacious enough about our religion? Can we plan more wisely against spiritual enemies? Can we pay God enough alert attention so as to profit from the time, money and effort we give to His Church? We make an investment, and we should gain. Don't despise the Easter bunny, strange symbol of intelligence.

The egg has something of lasting meaning for us too. It is a spheroidic tomb, a tomb of hope. Christ's tomb demonstrated the wonder of His Rising. The egg is not only a sort of temporary tomb but also a demonstration of the wonder of life. The tiny cell which is the basic unit of all living things, is ordinarily never seen with the

naked eye but the egg is one cell still although distended to such a size so huge compared to other cells.

Oriental churches usually have an ostrich egg in the chandelier assembly or elsewhere in the decoration because that largest of eggs, with its incubation period of forty days, stands so strikingly for the Lenten season, ending with the burst-forward of freed life.

Neither the wordly-seeming Easter egg, nor Easter bunny, nor Easter blossom is to be scorned. As the commercialised Santa Claus is still the Church's St. Nicholas,

Bishop of Myra, these things have a durable value for us long after social custom has used them for its holiday and tired of them.

Easter joy is ours for keeps if we will but have it so. After the last holiday flower has faded and the mere pleasure of the day is gone, deep and steady in the Christian heart is that Joy-from-God which a man may have and not know it. Wiser sons of God will give mind to what God has done for them and will count on Resurrection gladness as one of their resources for living. Firmly and repeatedly, but never anxiously, they will set their resolution to walk in the Light of Christ.

From "First Century Christianity"

BY MCVEIGH HARRISON

CHAPTER V—RESURRECTION NARRATIVES

At last it is our privilege to show the authenticity of the all-important Resurrection Scriptures; and this time we can include St. John because by common consent the narratives of Jesus' rising from the dead and His appearance in all four Gospels are in the same plane. We shall, however, consider here, not the proofs that the Easter teaching is historically true, but only

The Reliability of the Four Accounts as proceeding from Eye-Witnesses of the Risen Christ who report what they honestly believe that they have seen and heard.

Yet, before we can proceed to our authentication, we must dispose of a difficulty which sometimes appeals even to believers. They demand to know

Why the Resurrection Narratives are so brief and fragmentary and so different from one another.

Scholars, with some few exceptions, have given up trying to harmonize these four

reports of the first Eastertide. But some of their number give us powerful help in explaining the above baffling characteristics. Dr. Beyschlag explains that, because of the overwhelming emotions, profound awe, burning love and poignant grief over the infidelity which the appearance of their risen Lord had wrought in them, they would not have been true to life had they not given us these torn and half-confused accounts in broken, stammering diction. "Who would have stammered?" he challenges. And Dr. Hase agrees in the reason just assigned and also gives us another solution of the problem: in their simplicity, they were hardly capable of writing systematic historical records. He remarks sensibly enough that the sacred writers' descriptions of the Easter Christ "present themselves in varying traditions" because they were innocent of historical method! His illustration is the way St. Luke closes his Gospel with the ascension from Bethany and then, without any explanatory middle term, abruptly subjoins *Acts 1* beginning with a quite independent summary of Eastertide, now for the first time described as forty days long and closing with a totally different picture of Jesus :

ending from the Mount of Olives. "From the naivete of the evangelists as to the composition of history," says this modern scholar rather grandly but truly too, "we could hardly expect the matter to be otherwise" in very difficult for harmonizers.

I venture to add two suggestions of my own. One is that, if Jesus did, as I hope to show, really conquer death, He must have utterly destroyed its bonds and have come forth having an immortal body filled with life and strength of its Easter state. One of its powers we call in theological baby-talk "divinity," which means that He could now pass from place to far distant place with the speed of light. For example, He was at Emmaus and in St. Peter's room at Jerusalem at relatively the same time. Consequently His appearances could at quite widely separated points apparently synchronize and thus make a connected, schematic arrangement of them in chronological order impossible. My other subsidy, which also depends upon another chapter, is that the disciples have almost certainly not published all that they know about their Lord, His appearances and His instructions. Their story is fragmentary at best, for the good of their contemporaries, they published only what was necessary as evidence of the resurrection. Remember that nearly, or quite, all of our Synoptics consist of what for decades had been the missionary sermons of the infant Universal Church. The apostles knew full well that they gradually, step by step, line upon line, for a period of years, had they attained to receptivity to the risen Christ and so could not give His full teaching. A sudden promulgation of the whole to the unprepared multitude would be fatal to their conversion and salvation. Much of the Lord's instruction during those Great Forty Days must have been directed to making them understand by a word and act which at the time had been too difficult for them. And this illumination thus shed backward over His ministry they in turn have reflected for us in our three Gospels, but with so patent a concealment that today much is hidden from us having not the Christian "mass of perception." The remainder of those in-

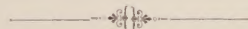
finitely precious lessons so far as we need to know them are, as I hope to show below, inconspicuously but plainly revealed in the proceedings of the earliest Apostolic Church. Had the apostles published to their intensely nationalistic Jewish world that Jesus had commissioned them to found a Universal Church with its own ministry and sacraments, their chance of gaining converts in Jerusalem or Judea or Galilee would have been reduced to nought. It was therefore from no niggardliness that they withheld their Easter treasure from their contemporaries but, as their trustees, they administered it to them in the Synoptic Gospels and the *Acts* a little at a time lest the whole be squandered and lost.

Moreover, these austere curators of ours deserve our good graces on another source. For the vital fact of

The empty tomb on the third day is disclosed by all four Gospels.

To this *sine qua nihil* of all the infinite value which we set upon Easter a veritable multitude of non-Christian scholars, not to speak of countless Christians, bear witness. For back in the days of modern Unitarian criticism Dr. Daniel Schenkel declared: "It is an indisputable fact that in the early morning of the first day of the week following the crucifixion, the grave of Jesus was found empty."

Dr. Wernle follows with a statement which he felt was so true that, to make it, he defied the contempt of his formidable critical clique. "It has always seemed to me the most likely," he bravely managed to aver, "that the first appearance actually did occur, just as Mark says, after three days or on the third day." But if there was an appearance of Christ on the third day there must have been an immediate search of His grave and discovery that it was vacant.



This Easter excerpt is printed in loving memory of Father Harrison

Return To Africa -- (continued)

BY SYDNEY J. ATKINSON, O.H.C.



The Trek to the Loma Stations

Returning to Bolahun I had settled down for a very short period of teaching and other local work when the Fr. Prior sent me off to visit the Loma stations.

Since the Kpandemai church is dedicated to St. Michael we thought it would be good for me to be there on the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels, Sept. 29th. Actually I started off on Saturday, the 27th, so as to be able to stop in Kolahun to hear confessions, hold God-Palaver that night, and say Mass on Sunday. This well planned operation did not work out so well as Kolahun was crowded and I had to tour the town to find a place of lodging. The District Com-

missioner very kindly gave me a room in his headquarters but this had the disadvantage of being some distance from the town and so I was not able to get around and see the people as I had intended. However, we did have a couple of good services and again I saw many old friends. Two of the teachers in the Kolahun government school are old Mission boys and they brought the whole school to Mass. Right after that I went to see the Provincial Commissioner and the Paramount Chiefs, who were having a big palaver; then small chop with the District Commissioner; followed by changing clothes in order to get on trek once more.

I had forgotten what a long way it is from Kolahun to Kpandemai. We left Kolahun

ound 10 a.m. and did not get to Kpandemai till 6 p.m. I made one stop on the way, Kpangbalomai, to visit with Augustine Eiwor Jallah. He is doing an excellent job conducting a Fundamental Education project in that town. And he presented me with a big rooster! After that I got way ahead of two boys. As the road is badly brushed, I was afraid I had lost my way, but I reached Kpandemai all right and so knew I was on the right road. Again the rains came. A large young man who was coming from his home and who knew small English met me. He expressed it: "The rain beat us like a hammer"—rather lurid, but very descriptive.

I could see little of the Kpandemai school compound when we arrived, except by occasional vivid flashes of lightning, but a warm welcome was offered by evangelist, teacher and school boys. In the morning everything looked beautiful; the compound neat and trim; the town nestles at the foot of the towering Wutiwi Mountain. But I felt the evil spirits of that place still flourish. After a particularly inspiring Mass, the troubles began. First of all there was a rice famine to hear about and then a succession of palavers; one of which was really serious. I think these rows are much harder on the missionary than any hardships put on us by other nature. I can face an arduous day's work with a certain amount of equanimity, but these palavers certainly take the starch out of me! Altogether the stay at Kpandemai was not too happy, but it just shows that there is a lot of work to be done there and I must not give in or give up—please God.

The walk from Kpandemai to Vezela was not too bad, about five hours. The half-way point, Kpakemai, seemed more like its old name than any other towns I had seen thus far.

Vezela was flourishing. The compound, on its three levels, always presents an imposing appearance, and I think the new church building on the second level is most notable. I arrived to find Teacher Moses Moga and some of the boys fixing up a new room on the lower level. It had just been rubbed and so appeared clean and neat.

There is another new classroom and dormitory combined on this level which I had not seen before. This has cement walls and floors and a zinc roof. In fact, all the buildings looked well cared for. Then came the little jaunt across the "causeway" and up the "Jacob's Ladder" to the top of the hill—the site of our "monastery" which Fr. Bessom christened "Loma Vista." Now that Vahun has lost its old school site, there is no doubt about it that Vezela has the best view—and so ends an old Parsell-Bessom dispute!

Just after we arrived Rachid, the Lebanese trader at the Foya Kamara airfield, came along in his truck with a note from Fr. Gill. It turned out that Fr. Gill had had to spend the night on a bridge which he had slipped off and so would not be able to come and get me at Vezela as planned. However, Rachid said he would be returning tomorrow and would pick me up. He was taking some trade goods up to his brother, who has a shop in Voinjama. After having had so much walking, I was feeling very tired. Fortunately it began to rain heavily so I retired to Loma Vista where I had a good two-hour snooze. Later I had conferences with teachers, evangelists, and school boys; and I was glad to find things mostly in good order—except that the rice famine had hit them too.

Early next morning we had a fine Mass with all the school boys and staff and some townspeople. Then came a terrific down-pour of rain and I thought Rachid would never get through. But after the worst of it was over, he did arrive. However, we had not gone an hour before we came to a swollen river with a broken up bridge—or rather, as it is a sort of double river there, both bridges were messed up. Up to this time, all our passengers in the truck (Rachid's car boys, my carriers and school boys who were coming with me to get treatment at Bolahun hospital etc.) would hop out on slick hills and doubtful bridges and get set to push. But this time there was nothing to do but wait. We tried to get some food at a nearby hamlet, but succeeded in obtaining only four ears

of corn. I had had a good breakfast and so was all right; but poor Rachid was really ravenous. Well, after several hours the waters did go down enough for the men to work on the bridges. After valiant efforts they repaired them and we watched with our hearts in our mouths as one of the African drivers very slowly edged his way over in the truck. He made it and there was great cheering. The rest of the trip to Kolahun, where Fr. Gill was to meet me, was uneventful. But when we arrived, we found that Fr. Gill had just left. A man on foot had come into town and said we were hung up on the far side of the river and that we could not possibly get past for two days! Rachid, however, volunteered to drive us on to Bolahun (even though he was faint from hunger and fortunately we arrived before the Fathers had eaten up all the supper!

I hope the foregoing will give some idea of what 20th Century tropical evangelism is like. It has its heartaches and sore feet, but it is always a joy to be able to spread the Good News and to administer the Word and Sacraments.

This is the end of Fr. Atkinson's account of his first patrols after his return to the Mission. Fr. Milligan is now in charge of the Loma section of the work and is giving it vigorous attention. "The Hinterland" 25¢ a year, tells about the varied ventures of the Sisters, Fathers and volunteers.

A Plea For A Return To Plainsong In Anglican Liturgical Worship - III

BY JOHN PATRICK GRAHAM

Why the Anglican Liturgy Should Always Be Set to Plainsong

Some understanding of the relative position of the Anglican Communion in regard to the other Catholic communions (Roman Catholic, Orthodox, and Old Catholic) is necessary before any consideration may be given to the musical setting of the liturgy. The Anglican is probably the least understood of all Christian groups. One may read in almost any public school history text the fantastic fabrication that Henry VIII founded the Church of England or many other accounts equally untrue. Here follows a brief sketch of the history of the Church of England as taken from a paper by Harvey B. Gaul:

... We are certain, however, that there was what we may call an Anglican Church during the early centuries of Christianity and it was a church with liturgical formularies of its own. Its liturgy appears to have descended from the Church that is supposed to have been founded by St. John at Ephesus. None of the very early books have survived, but quotations exist in the writings of the 2nd and 3rd centuries which cast light on the Church and its inception.

Early writers have mentioned the evangelization of Britain, though it seems to have been unrecognized by Rome. In the latter part of the sixth century Pope Gregory authorized St. Augustine (of Canterbury) to go to Britain, as the Britons were said to be heathen or druidical. When he arrived he found in the Welch Highlands an established Church, supporting a number of Bishops and a large clerical staff.⁶

There was a marked difference between the Briton's liturgy and that of Rome, and St. Augustine's ultimate objective was to supplant the former with the latter with a view of bringing the Church in Britain under the control of the Church in Rome, which objective seems to be perfectly in keeping with the policy of the Papacy of widening its spheres of influence. Having failed to supplant the Briton's liturgy, St. Augustine attempted to unify the two distinct liturgies also with little success. However, St. Edmund, Bishop of Salisbury, sponsored a successful movement to unify the two liturgies.

⁶Harvey B. Gaul, "The Episcopal Liturgy," *Music Teacher's National Association Proceedings*, 1915. p. 243-44.

at the time of the Norman Conquest. It resulted in the Sarum Use, which is of that the Anglican Church antedated the Augustine period. Musicologists have discovered important differences in the Vatican's Gradual and Antiphonal and the Chant books of the Cathedral of Salisbury. There are also several other differences in liturgies of other English dioceses.

In 1536 it was decreed that on Holy Days the Epistle and Gospel were to be read in the vernacular. With that beginning, the English language gradually found favor even though there were many bitter struggles before it became the norm. A brief account of the evolution of the English Book of Prayer is given by Gaul:

The prayer book was in no way the product of a reformed church; it was intended to make the services practicable to the laity.

The services were: First, the Mass; second, the Daily Hours; third, Occasional Offices; fourth, Pontifical Offices. These services which were in separate books, were brought together under one cover. The Mass was altered, secret prayer omitted, and the 'Comfortable Words' added. The Daily Hours included Matins, at daybreak; Lauds, following Matins; Prime, about six o'clock; Terce, about nine; Seist, about noon; None, about three; Vespers, at twilight; and Compline, before bedtime.

In the Monastic life, due to the wear and tear of agriculture and the burly-burly of the strenuous times, Offices were often said in immediate succession. The monks had a pleasant and condensed arrangement known as 'by accumulation'. It became necessary to establish a definite form of prayer, and the result is our Morning and Evening Prayer. Thus sprang into being the Prayer Book.

The first experiences in making the English Prayer Book were naturally open to change and revision, especially as they occurred in the sixteenth century with its rapid shifts in Royal policy, as from Edward VI to Mary and from Mary to Elizabeth. In the seventeenth century came the Puritan rebellion when the Prayer Book was for a time set aside, only to be reinstated at the Restoration. Soon after it was rearranged in substantially its modern form.⁷

It is important to note that Anglican chant⁸ never came into general use until the eighteenth century and the Gregorian Tones and Psalms went on almost without rival

until the end of the seventeenth century. Gaul quotes "Queen Elizabeth's Injunctions", 1559, as follows:

A modest and distinct song so used in all parts of common prayers in the Church that the same might be as plainly understood as if it were read without singing in the best sort of melody and music that may conveniently be devised, having in respect that the sentence of the hymn be understood and perceived.⁹

In view of the statement quoted it seems hardly possible that any music other than plainsong could have been intended. Helmore elaborates further on the relationship of music to the Anglican Liturgy:

... Up to the present day Plain-song is the only music ordered (by any recognized authority) in the Church of England. The anthems, composed in Canto Figurato, were allowed by Royal Injunction, and these and other portions of more elaborate harmony, are authorized by the prescriptive right of immemorial ancient use and constant and widespread adoption.

The Canto Plano, or Gregorian Plain-Song, and Figurate Music, therefore, stand on the precise footing, in respect of authority in the Anglican Communion, as in other branches of the Catholic Church. The English Reformation has not cut us off from the usages and traditions handed down from age to age as the mind and lawful intention of primitive and medieval Christianity, our lawful and ever-to-be-prized inheritance.¹⁰

⁸Anglican Chant is not official. We know it from its popular use in Morning and Evening Prayer.

The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church says it developed out of plain-song when harmony and more rigid times were introduced.—Ed.

⁹Gaul, work quoted, p. 245-6.

¹⁰Thomas Halmore, *Plain-Song* (London: Novello and Co., Ltd.) p. 48.



Father Allen

BY THE RT. REV. ROBERT E. CAMPBELL, O.H.C.

THIS YEAR, 1959, is the thirtieth since two of our Fathers were called by God to rest from their labors. Father Allen died March 26th, in the new monastery at Bolahun in the Liberian Hinterland, and Father Lorey in our infirmary at Holy Cross on July 11th. In this sketch we shall try to give something of the life and heroic love of Father Allen.

In 1850 in Hyde Park, just across the river from us, there lived the famous Dr. Bard, he who founded St. Stephen's (now Bard) College. On the river gleaming paddle-wheel steamers raced up and down, while slower sloops and barges still carried most of the freight. The Hudson River Rail Road was just being built, and its track stretched all the way from New York to Poughkeepsie, and again from Hudson to Rensselaer. An advertisement of that era describes one mounting the cars at Hudson and Chambers Streets, and being drawn by horses to a safe distance out of town, where the steam loco-motive was attached to the carriages. A rather flamboyant description of the ride up to Poughkeepsie follows, with the information that in that stirring town one sleeps, and early the next morning continues on a spacious steamer to Hudson, where the cars stand waiting. Thence by rail to Rensselaer the passenger is taken, and after a short ferry ride he finds himself in Albany, capitol of the Empire State.

In Hyde Park it was, on June 26, 1850, that little Sturges Allen first saw light. There he grew up and was prepared for entrance to the College of the City of New York, then at the corner of Lexington Avenue and 23rd. Street. From that institution he graduated in 1871, and began life as clerk in a bank, just which one we do not know. In later years he used to amuse us telling of attending St. Alban's parish church across town from his residence, and

how he had to dodge the trains running up and down what is now Fourth Avenue from Park Place. Those were the days of "covered water flats" and privies out of doors. Of horse cars there were a plenty, and not a few stage coaches for those wishing to travel up to Yorktown or other points out of the city. The elevated railways were then quite a novelty too, and it gave the young people



a great thrill to ride high up in the air as far as they wished for a nickel a head.

But God did not mean for Sturges Allen to spend his life toting up columns in a ledger, for in '77 he entered the General Theological Seminary to study for the priesthood, being graduated in 1880. We wish we could capture the comical account he used to give of some of his adventures

One was that of a trip to Europe with a friend of his. When they landed in New York again Father Allen had not one cent left, and was wondering how he could ever get off the steamer without the customary tips to the stewards. But luck was with him that day, for the porter had chalked "ok" on his valise, mistaking it for that of his friend, who had tipped liberally. Then again,, when time came for his ordination he had to go to Kansas City, whose Bishop was his sponsor. He had not enough money for a straight ticket, so he went to a "scalper," who for a very small sum sold him a series of unused return tickets to various points. By making a devious journey he managed to reach his destination in four days; but get there he did and was duly ordained.

Not too long after this he became curate at St. George's, Newburgh, N. Y., and with special charge of a new parochial mission in a growing part of the city. That little mission is now the flourishing parish of the Good Shepherd. Busily engaged as he was, something else was stirring in the soul of this young priest. He heard of the spectacular work being done at Holy Cross Mission on the lower East Side of New York by Fathers Huntington, Dodd and Cameron. They were trying to start a religious community for a special ministry to the underprivileged, especially the recent immigrants from Germany. The Sisters of St. John Baptist had really begun this work several years before. So, after the usual preliminaries, Fr. Allen joined this new little community as a novice in 1886. They used to tell the story that when the hour for his profession came on Dec. 2d., 1888, Father Allen could nowhere be found. That was true, for it was a cold day and the church had become quite chilly. So, while the creed was being sung, Fr. Allen slipped down to the cellar to stoke the furnace; and it took longer than he had anticipated. But professed he was, even though a few minutes late.

Because the little community just could not lead the religious life and at the same

time run a big, busy parish, the Fathers resigned their cure and moved into a rented house on Pleasant Avenue in Harlem. Much unhappy criticism and considerable scorn was poured on them for making this move. However that may be, Father Allen fitted in at once as housekeeper. Finances were usually very low, so that the meals at times became pretty thin, with nothing more than a boiled cabbage or a mess of baked potatoes for the repast. Fortunately they did not have to stay so very long, for Miss Van Bibber, a great admirer of Father Huntington, agreed to let them use her house in Westminster, Maryland, rent free. Here again it was Father Allen who stayed at home while the others were out preaching and conducting retreats. Novices came and went, but the three professed priest of the Order persevered in faith and hope, and charity too. A gentleman from Washington, D. C., told us that he and some of his friends went to Westminster on a week-end pilgrimage. He said that Father Allen was the only one at home, but in suplice, cope and biretta he met them at the garden gate and escorted them quite solemnly to the monastery chapel for the opening devotions.

In 1904 the community moved to its freshly completed monastery at West Park on the banks of the Hudson. Hardly had they got settled when the next year it was determined to go to Tennessee on what was called the "Holy Cross Mountain Mission." For the opening of this, Fathers Allen and Mayo were selected by the Superior. The heartbreaks and crudities of those first months in a pioneer work have been told elsewhere, but here again Father Allen was the stabilizer, staying home to supervise the few boys enrolled and maintain the daily schedule of Mass and Offices while Father Mayo went about on various missions and looked after the pastoral work in the immediate neighborhood. Father Allen said that one day a husky mountaineer arrived and announced that he would send his boy to school if the Fathers would give him a job!

The Chapter of the Order in September, 1906 selected Father Allen as the Superior,

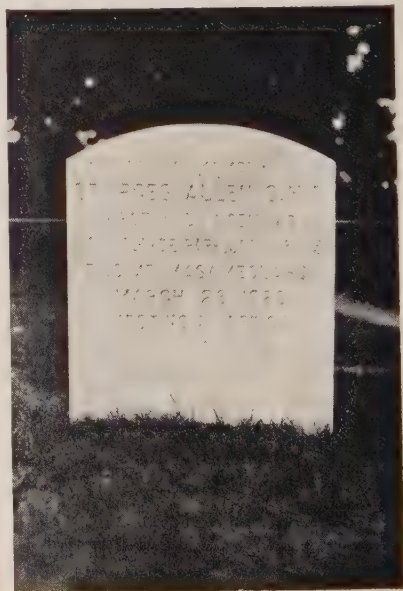
a post he held honorably for nine years. It was a blessing for us to have his devoted leadership during those years when the life and policies of Holy Cross were taking final shape. Father Allen was always strict about the observance of the Rule,—that is, strict with himself, though kindly towards others. A salesman one day was trying to induce the Superior to subscribe to a new encyclopedia, but Father Allen put him off with the remark that he had not yet finished reading the old one. At a Sunday dinner he once threw the entire table into gales of laughter by claiming that he favored having the government run all the railroads, for then one could put a postage stamp on his hat and go wherever he pleased. We younger ones used to feel amused to see him measuring carefully just how many inches from the floor his scapular fell, or stopping on the stairs to adjust his girdle so that the knots at the ends were exactly on a line. Due to a chronic heart condition he suffered from a rather noisy cough which would end usually with a resounding sneeze. But that did not alter his attitude. The Rule was God's sacred gift to us for our sanctification. Study was, and still is, an integral requirement of our daily life, so in the old upstairs library he could be seen any week day deep in his Hebrew Bible or working out with infinite care some point of theology.

When his years as Superior came to an end, Father Huntington sent him to Kent School to assist Father Sill. Kent is a lovely spot by any reckoning, and the Father was fond of taking long walks with some of the boys and masters occasionally. With the student body he was immensely popular, being called by the doubtful sobriquet "Gyp the Blood." But here again it was God first, and the Religious Life. He might have stayed on at Kent for years, had not something happened in the Spring of 1921. That was the resolution of a special meeting of Chapter looking towards the establishment of some work in a foreign land.

In the months following, Liberia was selected as suitable for this venture, and Father Allen was "all on fire" to go along

with the first missionaries. As he said, "I have lived the allotted three score and ten and it is only fitting that I should spend the rest of my life in God's service elsewhere." He spoke to Father Huntington about it and was referred to Father Campbell, the newly appointed Prior. Father Campbell had the greatest respect and affection for the old man, but had sincere doubts whether he could stand the rigors of the tropics. So he referred Father Allen to the Bishop of Liberia, Dr. Walter H. Overs. His lordship was quite taken aback by the eloquent pleading of his petitioner, so then it was that Father clinched the matter by his famous statement, "In the day of judgment when the Lord asks me, 'Sturges, why did you not go to Liberia?' I shall say, 'Here is the Bishop, Lord ask him.'"

Father Allen arrived in Bolahun in June 1923, having made a stay of several months in Livingstone College, London, for a course in tropical first aid. His presence and prayers at the mission, his devotion to the details of the rule were a perfect Godsend to us. His medical skill and infinite patience attracted throngs of helpers sufferers from



far and wide. Every Sunday afternoon with an interpreter he used to walk to Masambalahun for a short service and sermon. His converts were few, but the Africans always respect grey hairs. This ever brought him nearer to the people, and when added to his dispensary work, it put an end to whatever suspicions the natives might have held about us and our motives.

The last two years of his life he spent trying to establish an out-station at Porluma in the Kisi Country. He did well, for every one liked him, and many of the native men volunteered their help. But the infirmities of age overtook him, and early in 1929 he had to be brought back to Bolahun. There, in the newly constructed St.

Athanasius' Monastery he passed quietly to his rest on March 26, amid the deep sorrow and lamentation of all his brethren, both black and white.

Father Allen was most sincerely consecrated Man of God, instant in prayer, eager for every good work. We who knew him may still laugh at his foibles, like bringing stale newspapers to be read aloud at Sunday recreation. Even then we are fully conscious of the power of his hidden life of prayer, of his undivided self-oblation to our Blessed Lord and of his quiet though very real influence for good upon us all. May God rest his gallant soul in the glory of the Saints!

(Space did not permit this to be printed last month).

St. Richard Of Chichester -- April 3

BY MARY BURN

Saint Richard of Chichester showed outstanding ability in three different fields, as a sound scholar, a competent administrator and a devoted parish priest. He was born, the second son of a wealthy landowner, at Droitwich, in Worcestershire, from which he is called Richard of Wyche. His parents died early in his life and the estates were mismanaged during the boys' minority. Richard delayed going up to Oxford to act as his brother's bailiff and, in a characteristically conscientious way, studied farming in order to improve the land. When at last the estates had been put in order he was able to begin his academic studies, but, being defrauded of the money he had entrusted to a priest, he was obliged to live in great poverty. He even had to share a gown with two friends and take it in turn to attend the lectures. In spite of these material difficulties Richard greatly enjoyed his studies, especially logic, and later referred to his years at Oxford as the happiest years of his life—perhaps the first Oxonian on record to use

this well-worn formula. From there he went to Paris and continued his studies of logic, and after to the famous law school of Bologna, where he stayed for seven years, studying and teaching canon law.

Returning to England, he was appointed Chancellor of the University of Oxford. In 1235, the Archbishop, Edmund Rich, later also canonised, summoned him to Canterbury to be his Chancellor (or man of business) and secretary. Richard served him well and loyally, sharing his exile when the Archbishop withdrew in 1240 from the turmoil and political difficulties of his office to the Cistercian abbey at Pontigny in Champagne, south of Paris, where about seventy years earlier St. Thomas a Becket had also taken refuge, and he was with him when he died. Richard's devotion to the memory of his saintly master and friend continued throughout his life. He gave personally known details of his life to his biographer, the historian Matthew Paris. After

his death, Richard went to Orleans, where he studied theology, living in a Dominican house, and was ordained priest and dedicated a chapel to St. Edmund of Canterbury. Then he returned to England and became a country parish priest, the vicar of Deal.

Not long after, in 1244, the see of Chichester fell vacant and Archbishop of Canterbury, Boniface of Savoy, appointed Richard bishop against the wishes of Henry III, who supported another candidate. Yet another of the conflicts between Church and King broke out. Richard went to consult the Pope, who consecrated him bishop at Lyons. When he returned home Henry denied him the revenues of the see and forbade him to enter his cathedral city. For two years Richard remained quietly, 'like a stranger in a foreign land,' living with a poor priest named Simon in the fishing village of Tarring, going about his pastoral duties amongst his people and returning to the first occupations of his youth, fruit farming and fruit grafting. At the threat of the Pope's interdict the king finally gave way and Richard entered his bishopric. He now expanded. He loved hospitality and his charity was as wide as the halls of his palace. He encouraged good conversation and kept a commonplace book of the interesting remarks heard at his table. Underneath all this, his own personal life remained austere. He compiled a body of statutes with a view to removing various abuses from the Church. He insisted on a vow of chastity for priests. Those whose speaking articulation was hurried or careless were to be suspended. He set great store by beauty and order of ritual and insisted that priests should wear clean white robes for Mass and that the altar linen should be spotless—which sheds an unfavorable light upon the ordinary practice of his time. He was a great patron of the friars, specially the Dominicans.

In 1252, he was called to London to preach a crusade. This was a failure, but, when St. Louis of France returned from the Holy Land, in 1253, St. Richard successfully preached a crusade in his own

diocese and that of Canterbury. Soon after he died, at Dover, where he had gone to consecrate a chapel to his friend and master St. Edmund of Canterbury. In his last illness he was cared for by his friend Simon of Tarring.

St. Richard was buried in the cathedral of Chichester, near the altar of St. Edmund. Parts of the cathedral of the Holy Trinity at Chichester, which was consecrated nearly a century before he was born, date from the time of St. Richard, notably the Early English arcading round the choir, and so also does the chapel in the bishop's palace. St. Richard was canonised only nine years after his death, in 1262.

St. Richard combined the conscientiousness and care for detail of a good scholar and administrator with a loyal, generous and compassionate heart. Something of the beauty of his character can be seen in his well-known, short prayer.

Thanks be to Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ,
For all the cruel pains and insults
Thou has borne for me;
For all the many blessings
Thou hast won for me.
O Holy Jesus, most merciful Redeemer,
Friend and Brother,
May I know Thee more clearly,
Love Thee more dearly,
And follow Thee more nearly,
Day by day!

Mrs Burn is a communicant of St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow, Scotland. At present Mrs. Burn and her husband Professor Andrew Burn are living in Wooster, Ohio where Professor Burn is the first holder of the new visiting professors' chair at the College of Wooster. Mrs. Burn, a classical archaeologist, has written what we hope will be the first of several articles on British Saints. We are interested to have our readers' opinions as to whether there would be a demand for a booklet on the lives of some of the more important British Saints.

What Sisters Think

By an Enclosed Nun

Dr. Zhivago and Mr. Dulles

It requires less effort of the imagination to think of inhabitants on other planets than to do so to think of Mr. Dulles and Dr. Zhivago as contemporaries, neighbors and fellow Christians on this planet, as sometime they were. Both are intellectual, literate, honest, courageous: one a successful lawyer, one a successful doctor: each doing all in his power for the survival of what he believes is Christian culture. The conception of freedom is a passion with each.

To Mr. Dulles this freedom of the American way of life, it seems, is the epitome of Christian culture; any power that would jeopardize the economic, political and security interests of the United States cannot be recognized, lest our recognition of them would give them aid and comfort. We act, he says, as our national interest dictates. (cf his speech in San Francisco, Dec. 10, 1958) Mr. Dulles is the lucid, convinced, courageous spokesman of American Protestant Christianity: of that mixture of piety and enlightened self interest which is so hard for other people to understand, and yet which frankly and naively is the motive of our actions toward them. Mr. Dulles was born and grew to maturity in the prosperous security and peace of the United States before 1914.

The ethos of the background of Dr. Zhivago was Russian Christianity. He was born and orphaned amid the strikes and anarchy that preceded the revolution in Russia. He belonged to the intelligentsia. He was a poet and a physician. He "longed to live honestly, to be productive, and to have part in the great awakening" which was stirring his country. He believed that "life, one, immense, identical, throughout its innumerable combinations and transformations, fills the universe, and is continually renewed." He was a mystic, and in holy Russia he saw the face of God. Much as the

Divine Charity was conveyed to Dante by Beatrice, did Lara personify Russia to him. As he expressed it, "You could not communicate with life and existence but she (Lara) was their representative, their expression; in her the inarticulate principles of existence became sensitive and capable of speech . . . everything about her was perfect, flawless . . . She was a spring evening. The air punctuated with scattered sounds. The voices of children playing in the streets, coming from varying distances as if to show the whole expanse is alive. And this vast expanse is Russia, his incomparable mother: famed far and wide, martyred, stubborn, extravagant, crazy, irresponsible, adored. Russia with her eternally splendid, and disastrous, and unpredictable adventures. Oh how sweet to be alive! How good to be alive and to love life! Oh the ever present longing to thank life, thank existence itself, to thank them as one being to another being. This is exactly what Lara was."

The 1914 war, and, in Russia, the civil war and the revolution, "The deliberately created chaos for the purpose of bringing forth a new world order has broken up all human life," all customs and traditions, all their "way of life, everything to do with home and order has crumbled into dust in the general upheaval and reorganization of society. The whole human way of life has been destroyed and ruined. All that is left is the naked human soul stripped to the last shred, for which nothing has changed, because it was always cold and shivering, and reaching out to its nearest neighbor as cold and lonely as itself . . ."

Dr. Zhivago died of a heart attack—the result of years of "mass insanity, the savagery of daily hourly, legalized, rewarded slaughter" . . . of the "untruth which came upon his land" of Russia.

Years afterward one quiet summer evening two of his friends were sitting by an open window reading Zhivago's poems and talking. Moscow, his native city, stretched before them. "Although victory had not brought the relief and freedom that were expected at the end of the war, nevertheless the portents of freedom filled the air . . . thinking of this holy city and of the entire earth . . . they were filled with tenderness and peace" . . . Zhivago's poems "seemed to confirm and encourage that feeling."

Between that holy city and much of the rest of the earth is the impenetrable double curtain of dialectical materialism and of self assertion, conflict, and fear. Both, in their isolation and naked human helplessness, have manufactured such weapons of defense

and retaliation that, at any instant, immediately and impartially, each is able to put themselves and one another beyond reach of any fear or help. Each prays to God, "Hear, O Lord, from heaven Thy dwelling place and when Thou hearest, forgive."

Will He ever enable them to hear and understand and to forgive themselves and one another?

A PRAYER FOR MR. DULLES—

O Lord, look down from heaven, behold us in visit, and relieve this thy servant. Look down upon him with the eyes of thy mercy, give him comfort and sure confidence in thee defend him in all danger, and keep him in perpetual peace and safety; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Even So We Speak

BY MARION F. DANE

"And He gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers;

"For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the Body of Christ."

Apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers; a hand, a foot, a tongue, an ear—the members of the Body fulfill each his part. And each part is known to the Christ, and each part is good.

A Filipino seminarian who read a poem of mine which appeared in Holy Cross wrote from his distant land asking that I share with him the Christ Spirit. I have treasured the ensuing friendship, which has grown with every exchange of letters, and when he writes, in his charming, un-English style, "In spite of our hard work let us be merry and enjoy the earthly gifts given for us by God," I rejoice in the bond of Christian studenthood.

My college priest spends his days teaching classes and assisting in the ministry

of the general parish and performing the many functions of a college worker—administrator, counselor, pastor, teacher, director of Canterbury activities. . . . And if, as too often happens, he sits up all Saturday night writing his sermon, it is because all through the past week he was never "too busy." My rector's wife serves the Church through serving her husband and she is the guardian angel, the mother of the Miss Lonelyhearts, the friend, the good fairy of our parish, because she is always there and willing.

I know an insurance salesman who sells insurance "to the greater glory of God"—with honesty and a genuine concern for his clients. "A plumber can serve Christ by being a good plumber," he remarks, but there is more to his life than that. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," and he lives this. He serves the needs of the Church first, with his time and his talents and his energy and his money and while he is away at General Convent

tions and Diocesan Conventions and conferences and retreats, the insurance contracts pour steadily into his office.

I receive a letter from "my favorite sister," who wants to share with me the experience of her vocation, and another from a nun whom I have never seen who has heard of me and wants to offer her encouragement. The Woman's Auxiliary personnel director in my diocese makes ardent plans for my future, and a religious educa-

tion worker meets my train in a strange city and takes me to her apartment for lunch, and a Girls' Friendly Society director offers the hospitality of her home.

Apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors and teachers; a nun, a salesman, a priest, a student—even a student, serving through learning—the members of the Body fulfill each his part, "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."



FR. TERRY WAS HERE

(See October, 1958 number, page 310 for a mistake of ours—Ed.)



- Book Reviews -



EARLY CHRISTIAN DOCTRINES, by J. N. D. Kelly. Harpers, New York, 1959. pp. xii plus 500 \$5.75

Dr. Kelly is the Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and in this work has given us the first book of its kind since 1903, when Dr. Bethune-Baker published his "Introduction to the History of Early Christian Doctrine." Dr. Kelly has packed a vast amount of material into these pages, but on the whole it is a readable book, always interesting, accurate and scholarly. It would be unfair to fault the author for treating some of the topics so briefly (earliest Christology and sacramental teaching for example), much as we might wish that he

had expanded some of them more at length. However, if interested readers have had their appetites whetted sufficiently they might explore more detailed accounts in other writers, if not in the Greek and Latin sources themselves. After a very illuminating Prolegomena dealing chiefly with the place of Scripture and Tradition, the author goes on to consider the Apologists and pre-Nicene theology. It is here that we wish Dr. Kelly had been able to give more space to the subject, because of the almost bewildering advances made by more recent scholarship in this field. After this the book goes on to the consideration of theological development from Nicaea to Chalcedon, giving a very clear outline of the formula-

tion of church teaching about the Holy Trinity and the Sacraments, especially Baptism, the Eucharist and Penance. The final section appears as an epilogue, with the subject Christian Hope and Eschatology elucidated in excellent fashion. Obviously a work for theological students and scholars, it meets a real need just now, when in both the United States and Europe so many wild theories and such befuddled thinking concerning the creeds are rampant. To have such a reliable, carefully worked out history of the development of Christian thought and belief is most gratifying to us of the orthodox Anglican tradition. Many will feel most grateful to the author, we feel sure, for his clear, painstaking work.

THE WONDER OF PRAYER, by *Shelton Hale Bishop*, Seabury Press, Greenwich, Conn, 1959. pp. 95 \$2.25 a

Foreword by Bishop Pardue of Pittsburgh.

Dr. Bishop's work for years as the Rector of St. Philip's parish in New York City is

too well known for him to require any introduction. We feel glad to welcome this very personal yet stimulating approach to a subject which already has countless books. The struggle of any real prayer, the failures, and the peace and power of prayers are all dealt with in a most interesting, almost informal fashion, though the truths therein contained "ring the bell" in Christian experience. Perhaps we are most impressed by the chapters "Struggle" and "Failure." Dr. Bishop writes: "When we can no longer pray, even though we have gone through the motions usually associated with prayer,—kneeling, quiet, uplifted eyes or bowed head,—when nothing real is happening; when it all seems like wasted time, and, as one person said, "so sacrilegious," let us begin to look at the quality of our relationships, the status of our family life, our financial transactions, our regard for other people, our deep-seated prejudices. These can be real blocks to God." This little book deserves wide reading and much pondering. We congratulate Dr. Bishop heartily.



Vladimir, King and Saint. Pray for Russia!

BOOK OF BRITISH SAINTS, by N. I. Butler. (The Faith Press, London, 1957). pp. 110 \$2.15

Thank God for His many Saints, but when we have over 200 of them packed into half that many pages it does make for condensed reading. To find such outstanding characters as Thomas a Becket pared down to a couple of pages to make space for the mention of others who are just names makes me feel that the author has gone to great pains to compile a catalogue. St. Margaret of Scotland also should in the estimation of the reviewer, have a much more sympathetic notice. Miss Butler's industry is most commendable, though the result leaves much to be desired, valuable in some ways as such a list of the British Saints is.

THIS TRYSTING PLACE, by the Rev'd. John F. McCausland, S. S. J. E., M. A., S. S. J. E., Bracebridge, Ontario, 1958. pp. 104 \$1.00

This excellent compilation is frankly for beginners, as Fr. McCausland states in his preface. It is a work book, supplying first the various plans of meditation, then going on to suggestions and considerations for the various seasons of the Christian year; and finally the daily notes. This book very much needed by earnest churchfolk today. Many a one there is who wants to learn the art of mental prayer, but who finds himself all confused if not completely frustrated by the formidable array of "methods," only too often in technical language. Then, too, one is apt to find some of the "daily meditations" quite foreign and inapplicable to himself. Fr. McCausland very sensibly has simplified all this and offers a workable set of suggestions, and all in the solid Anglican tradition. Those wishing in their spiritual experience to renew the upper room at Pentecost will find here great help. Our one criticism is of a material nature. We do wish that a more attractive format could be devised. As it stands, despite the real treasures hidden between the covers, the arrangement of material is not at first clear. After all, a fine meal would seem to require some attractive service.

SINS OF THE SAINTS, by G. D. Rosenthal, (Morehouse-Gorham, New York, 1958). pp. 164 \$2.50

During his lifetime, Father Rosenthal was an outstanding priest in the diocese of Birmingham (England), and won high praise from those of other types of churchmanship even for his constancy and courtesy and unfailing charity in the face of heavy episcopal frowns. In this book of essays on the foibles and failures of the elect, we find a kindly humor together with a convicting appeal. Moral cowardice, tittle-tattle, "stunt" religion, bad temper are but a few of the topics considered. It offers serious reading for us all, not merely the parish "saints."

PARENTS AND PRIESTS AS SERVANTS OF REDEMPTION, by Athanagoras, Bishop of Elaia. (Morehouse-Gorham, New York, 1958). pp. 205 \$4.00 (Foreword by Michael, late Archbishop of the Greek Orthodox Church of North and South America).

This work is a careful exposition of the Greek Orthodox doctrine of the sacraments of matrimony and holy orders, about half the book being given to each. Matrimony is of divine ordinance, and contrary to our western teaching, the minister is the grace of God. Matrimony is a formal life partnership, though moral and physical death break the bond. Mixed marriages are much discouraged and the use of artificial means to obtain "planned parenthood" as well. The wedding ceremony is printed in full in English translation. Priesthood seems to include all three of the grades of the sacred ministry, and for this reason we take it that the author is really talking about what we more commonly call holy orders. In a very interesting way Bishop Kokkinakis tells us that his group of Orthodox find all three ranks of priesthood in our Lord's training of the apostles. When He elected them, called them and gave them instruction and the first commissions to go about preaching, that represented the diaconate. Training for

the presbyterate began when the apostles returned from their first mission, and ended with the formal commands at the washing of feet and the Last Supper, "Do this in remembrance of Me." The fulness of the priesthood, the episcopate was bestowed with the command to preach and baptise, and the descent of the Holy spirit at Pentecost. As with us, none but a bishop can ordain or consecrate a church, and the orders received are indelible. We feel sorry that the author takes such a dim view of Anglican orders, but his point seems to be that until the Orthodox can be assured of our complete orthodoxy it is doubtful whether they will ever establish intercommunion. As a careful, frank statement of Orthodox theology on the two sacraments under discussion, the book is valuable, though far from easy reading. Interesting also are the translations into English of the ordination services for deacons, priests and bishops, so unlike yet like our own in the Episcopal Church.

PRAYERS FOR CHRISTIAN HEALING, by *Albert E. Campion*, (Morehouse-Gorham, New York, 1958). pp 96 \$2.25 (Forward by Rev. Dr. John Ellis Large).

Dr. Campion has compiled a book of beautiful prayers for the sick, and with some thanksgivings for recovery. These are drawn from Anglican and other sources, most of them modern. One misses any sacramental approach to healing, but perhaps the author omitted any such intentionally. However, just as a collection of prayers for the sick, gathered obviously at such considerable pains, the book should be useful. Without doubt it will be useful to the clergy in making sick calls.

THE MINISTRY OF HEALING, by *John Ellis Large*. (Morehouse-Gorham, New York, 1959) pp. 192 \$3.00 (Foreword by the Bishop of New York.)

This is a very appealing exposition of the Church's ministry to the ailing. It is well written and strikes an important note when the author dwells on the necessity of ministering to the whole man, body, mind and soul. We feel particularly gratified when we read of the necessity of using the Church's sacraments in this important work. As the author in one place points out, the healing services in church, even when in connection with a celebration of the Eucharist, can become dreadfully sentimental and pointless. All the skill and cooperation of the medical profession as well as the help of psychologists are needed to be used, along with the ministrations of the Church. Many an obstinate ailment is due to deep-rooted sin unforgiven. Hence there must be, for those who need it, sacramental confession. Holy Unction also, as well as the regular reception of the Holy Communion after careful preparation, is a regular part of the treatment. Dr. Large has given us a book at once positive and constructive. His description of the absolute necessity of unity of body, soul and mind rings true to Christian experience. And of course it should all lead to that unity with God which we aspire. Dr. Large has shown that the ministry of healing has a real place in the Church's economy, and he infers, though he does not say so openly, when exercised with the aid of the catholic sacraments it supplies something for our people much needed and only too often forgotten or ignored.

TO TELL THE GODLY MAN, by *William Joseph Barnds*. (Holy Cross Press, West Park, N. Y. 1958) pp. 181. \$3.00

The subtitle of the book, "Selections from the writings of the Rev. Shirley Carter Hughson, O. H. C." informs us what the book is. Father Barnds has made a careful selection of passages from Father Hughson's voluminous writings, and has done very well indeed. To readers of our Holy Cross literature Father Hughson needs no introduction, and surely it will come as a boon to many that in compact form now there is this "sample book." The

compiler of the book has obviously gone to great pains to cull from Father Hughson's works passages which do seem to have permanent spiritual value. First, there come to notice selections of what applies to the soul; then the enemies of the soul are dealt with in vivid manner; and last but not least we find the aids to the development of the soul. Years ago some wag said that Father

Hughson must have had intimate acquaintance with the devil, he could write so intriguingly about him. One matter strikes us as a deficiency in the book, and that is that there is no indication from which of the Father's works the passages are taken. Possibly that can be rectified in a second edition.

—REC

Outgoing Mail

Dear Father:

I'm picking up your quotation about "bird baths" as applied to the present tendency to use broad-bowled chalices. As a counsel of perfection, I would suggest that scorn and derogatory nicknames for hallowed things do no good. The case-hardened clerics may take no harm, but the laity could. A layman who would not find such expressions painful have in him a bit of toughness close to cynicism.

My experience with the narrow-bowls is not happy. They have two faults. One is that they give a smaller surface for turning as the people are communicated whereas the other kind can give a "rail" of people a fresh contact with the silver chalice lip. (Silver is a potent disinfectant as we know.) This is an argument for the help of those who suffer

from the sanitary phobia and an aid to priests who cannot in conscience use the purificator in the now popular manner.

The other demerit is that it is hard to recover the Particle as the priest makes his own communion. Some do not even try. Spiritually there is no harm in the layman's receiving the Particle, but it may be doubted that many of them know they are not receiving some foreign matter when they sense a slight solid in the mouth. An old priest noted my own failure in this matter once and said the Particle must be recovered even by the means of a finger. I have so acted ever since.

Excuse me for all this, which is more than my little irritation called for. I just got writing on the subject.

Faithfully yours in our Eucharistic Lord,



The Well of Self

Love, whom alone the purged of self can tell,
Kindle through saints as light through crystal,
turn

All creatures to that Fire or else I burn
In counter conflagrations. In the well
Of self that poets sing is all the hell
The saints can know; here counter fires
yearn

To waste the ground and starve the single,
stern

And Holy Fire. So kindle, Love, to quell

Those fires of self, dispel the only charm
That tempts the saints to falter from the
course,

Consume those legion, flaming tongues that
run

From sunken wells of self, O let none come
To harm Love's splendour mounting to
Source;

For self and Hell to saints as men are one.

Elisabeth Chase Geissbuhler



The Order Of The Holy Cross

West Park Notes

The Fr. Superior spent almost the whole month at the Liberian Mission, main station and outside efforts.

The Assistant Superior cared for his novices and had only the briefest appointments away from West Park.

Fr. Hawkins went back and forth more than any other brother—Quiet Day at Christ Church, Greenville, N. Y.; sermon and Quiet Day at the General Theological Seminary; practically the same duties at the Good Shepherd, Rosemont; another Quiet Day at Christ Church, Greenwich, Conn., in Holy Week; confessions at Albany and Kingston.

Fr. Harris preached at the Good Shepherd, Newburgh during Holy Week.

Fr. Bessom spoke about the Liberian Mission at the Church of our Savior, Plainville, Conn., and conducted a clergy retreat for the C.C.U. at the House of the Redeemer, and preached the Three House at

the Good Shepherd, Rosemont, Penna.

Fr. Terry returned in early March from a month of speaking and visiting at seminaries on business of the confraternity for students of theology. He was soon on his way again to preach at the Redeemer, Springfield, Penna.; St. John's, Flossmore; St. Patrick's, Franklin Park, and St. Edward's, Joliet, all in Illinois.

Brother Paul conducted a retreat for young people at Camp De Wolfe on Long Island. He preached at Sing Sing Easter Day.

Brother Charles preached at Trinity Church in the Bronx before a week of the Children's Mission effort in St. Augustine's, Manhattan where he put over the Ethical Catechism with a Space Travel presentation.

Youngsters from the Wiltwyck School and Ascension Sunday School were guests at Holy Week services by arrangement with members of the Order who teach them.

Other visitors helped us keep the great "Friduum and the Queen of Feasts" so merrily and joyfully.

Sickness made small choirs during March for "everyone" had to go to bed for a time. It also delayed the mailing of the annual appeal and of the March number of "The Hinterland" in its format. a

APRIL ACTIVITIES AWAY

Fr. Superior, having completed his visitation of the Liberian Mission, flown to Monrovia and visited in the capital, will start home by freighter on the 22nd.

Bishop Campbell is expected back from the California house on the 25th.

Fr. Taylor will conduct the annual retreat for the Oblates of Mt. Calvary, April 27-May 1st.

Fr. Hawkins will give a lecture in Providence on the 6th and a weekend retreat at Saranac Lake the 10-11th.

Fr. Baldwin has a (pending) engagement at St. Luke's, Attica from the 5th to the 8th and begins a Parochial Mission at Georgetown, Ontario on the 12th.

Fr. Bessom will attend a meeting of C. A. P. chaplains at McGuire Base on the 5th and 7th. He will conduct retreats for the Society of St. John the Evangelist at Bracebridge, Ontario beginning the 13th.

Fr. Terry will conduct a conference for the Companions of the Holy Cross at Seabury House, Greenwich, Conn. the 3-6th.

Bro. Paul will speak at Binghamton on the 12th.

Br. Charles will speak at St. Andrew's, Baltimore on the 5th. This parish is having a kind of "O.H.C. Year" with many pulpit appearances and a Parochial Mission by our brethren.

The men of the mother house seem to have been painted into a corner. It was passed at the last chapter that we hereafter wear white outside as well as at home. Our striking habit has favorably impressed parishes we visit. But the last of the series of West Park wash-women of the old soap-and-muscle school has had to give up the job of restoring our woolen to its soft radiance weekly. Professional laundries within reach can't cope with our spots. We are somewhat on the speckled side as of now.



Advice on Retreat Silence

One of our regular guests writes thus:

I have been invited to say something about my own experience of the value of silence in retreat, and I am very glad to have this opportunity of expressing my gratitude as a retreatant under the care of the Order of the Holy Cross.

I remember once meeting a man who told me that he had suffered from a complete nervous breakdown, and that his doctor, who was a Catholic, had given him a choice between two rest-cures: one in a hospital, the other in a monastery. He chose the latter because it was cheaper—but he was so thankful for his speedy recovery in the silence of the religious community he chose (it happened to be the one nearest to my home) that he became one of its regular visitors and benefactors.

Silence has *natural* advantages for overstrained persons, just as dieting has *natural* advantages for overfed persons. But dieting may also be undertaken for *supernatural* motives: it is then called fasting. There is also a supernatural motive for keeping silence, a motive which has benefits beyond that complete rest of body and mind which can cure a breakdown. Any casual visitor to Mount Calvary might be heard to say 'how peaceful it is here!' But only those who have gone some way in spiritual discipline, in which silence is one of the aids, can know the 'peace which passes understanding.' For the silence of retreat is not

just escaping from noise or from social commitment, not just refraining from speech—that is merely negative, and may sometimes be mistaken. It is inner attention to One who alone can really say I AM. It is realization of our entire dependance on Him, even for existence. It is abasement before the Supreme Wisdom, who alone has the right to speak. It is supplication to Him for direction, for purification, for healing. ('Woe to the rebellious children, saith the Lord, that take counsel, but not of me' is the divine comment on those who from a committee, or attend a conference, when they ought to be making a retreat.) The silence of retreat is the 'prayer without ceasing' for which we have scriptural authority. It is, finally, oblation to Him, that He may have His way with us. This is the spirit of silence of Christ, who knew, in our own nature, that He said and did nothing 'of himself,' and in retreat He will show us, what we have often heard, that without Him we can do nothing. He may also show some of us, in His infinite humility and generosity, as for nearly two thousand years he has been showing his saints, that by faith in His Risen Power we can do even greater things than He did on earth. (*St. John*, 15:5, 14:12).

When we have begun to learn that 'in His Will is our peace,' it ceases to matter whether we have a few temporarily 'peaceful' days. All that matters is that each of us shall be His instrument, controlled, possessed by His Power. For persons who are beginning to advance in the spiritual life this may mean some very unpleasant days indeed, as the Holy Spirit painfully reveals to them their own worthlessness: they can have the joy of a deeper self-surrender. Those who do not find a retreat 'easy' can rejoice that for them it is at least not self-indulgence, and may be a sharing in the silence of Calvary itself. We cannot receive divine power until we have realized our own importance.

'The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence.' 'Be still, and know that I am GOD.' Keep silence before me, O islands; and let the peoples renew their

strength . . .' The direct divine injunction of Holy Writ remind us that there is 'a time to keep silence,' and only when we have got down to the humiliation of the psalm of penitence ('I was as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth') can we really begin to pray. But then we realize, perhaps for the first time, that divine statements have *transforming power*. 'Be perfect' ceases to be an impossible moral precept, and becomes the utterance of One to Whom all things are possible, even your fulfilment and mine.

Thus renewed, thus strengthened and directed, we can return to our daily work including any committees or conferences that may be necessary, and to any recreative social engagements (St. Francis of Sales approved of dances, and St. Thomas Aquinas was of the opinion that it was against charity to be a wet blanket), aware that we are living, speaking, acting, by God, for God, in God. Frequent prayer will be necessary, for the temptations to self-centered activity and anxiety will be strong; and it is for each of us to discover that amount of withdrawal that is necessary if we are not to be separated from the Vine. We have to remember that even Our Lord spent long hours in pure prayer. It is worth remembering, too, the gentleman who, when asked why he spent so long praying, replied 'because I have so much to do.' So much of our activity is futile, or worse so much of our energy wasted. And so many of our social 'contacts' are superficial or false. The most humanly delightful experience of my retreats has been the awareness of communion with others, of real fraternal charity. The deeper one goes in prayer, the more clearly one sees that there is no such thing as prayer for oneself alone. 'Our brother is our life,' said a great Russian contemplative. And my experience of those who live the most intense life of prayer, under the strictest rule of silence, is that they are the easiest people in the world to make friends with.





To Mount Calvary, high above beautiful Santa Barbara, come great numbers for spiritual gain. The Prior, Fr. Spencer, and his brother monks, Frs. Tiedemann, Packard and Adams work at home and afield to meet the needs of our Church on the West Coast

LETTER FROM MT. CALVARY

Dear Father Taylor,

It is nothing short of wonderful to have opportunity for another visit to Mount Calvary. It is not just being a coward and leaving the winter storms for others in the East to endure while basking in flowers and sunshine in California, but to have the chance to enter into the life and work of the youngest and in some ways the busiest of our branch houses. The usual groups arrive for retreat groups sometimes of laymen, sometimes of priests, to renew their zeal and, so to speak, polish their spiritual spectacles for a clearer vision of the unseen.

It has become quite the common thing for men to fly when they come from Holy

Cross to this Western House, but being one of the old "horse and buggy" vintage I prefer the trains. And this trip especially I would not have missed for anything. My train to Chicago from Poughkeepsie was two hours late arriving, so that I had to expedite porters and taxi by generous tips to make the connection with my reservation going on further West. I almost literally slid into my outgoing pullman just as the cars were ready to move. The next day a dear old lady from Canada going out to visit children and their offspring in Los Angeles opened a conversation by remarking, "Why, when I saw you come in at the last minute all rosy-like and out of breath I just said to myself, 'That nice young father must have been delayed somewhere!'"

Then, again, upon entering my car on the train known as the "Daylight" in Los Angeles to make the last lap of the trip to Santa Barbara, one man spied me struggling with heavy overcoat, umbrella and other bits of storm equipment and burst out in a jocular tone, "How come, Father? You must be expecting to meet some pretty rough weather." This raised a general laugh of course, for the morning was delightfully sunny and warm. I simply grinned and said that I had just left all those storms behind a couple of days ago. And so we settled down for a fine chat about conditions in the world in general.

Upon alighting at the lovely station at Santa Barbara I found Father Prior there with a car. Another unexpected surprise was that Father Packard was on the same train, though in another car. The first news which I received was of the passing of our dear Father Harrison, who for years now has been failing, and never had recovered really from his stroke last summer. We celebrated a requiem the very next morning for the repose of his soul, now in God's gracious keeping.

Mount Calvary seems to be flourishing as never before. Of course there are the customary retreats. Fathers come and go

on missions of various duration all over the West. Brother Michael came out right after Christmas and has been so busy with childrens' missions and the like he has not yet been to Mt. Calvary though we hope he will have the chance for a visit and a bit of rest before he returns to Holy Cross next month.

With greetings and best wishes for all at home, and relying on the prayers of the brethren for the welfare and continued effectiveness of this house, I am

Faithfully in our Lord,

ROBERT E. CAMPBELL, O. H. C.

Bolahun

Our station in Liberia, "Radio Bolahun," is now able to keep a schedule with this country. The hour is usually 3:00 (2000 G.M.T.) which is evening over there when the diesel generator is turned on for three hours to light the buildings, study halls, church, town hall, etc., and to provide power for EL6E.

Friday in Lent is a day of silence at the monastery, but an operator can copy a happy message and pin it on a bulletin board. So it was on March 6:

The Order of Saint Helena

Newburgh Notes

On March 1st Sr. Josephine spoke to the Canterbury Club at Rutgers University, New Brunswick, New Jersey, thus getting the month off to a good start in regard to our growing work with college students.

On the 2nd Sr. Mary Florence spoke on the Religious Life and showed our slides to the Woman's Auxiliary of St. James' Church in Danbury, Conn. Sr. Alice spoke on the same topic and showed slides at the

FATHER PARSELL AND KIT CONE MET ME IN FREETOWN AND DROVE ME UP HERE. WE JUST ARRIVED AFTER A LOT OF CAR TROUBLE WHICH MADE A FIVE-DAY TRIP OF IT. HERE I FIND THINGS MORE WONDERFUL AT THE MISSION THAN I HAD DREAMED OF. I HAVE BEEN TOLD. LOVE TO ALL IN ALL THE HOUSES.

FR. SUPERIOR

Our travellers had a hard time on the Sierra Leone roads, using one of the cars which our terrain had mauled. They felt the desperate need for at least one car in good condition.

When a driver has limped in with the plain jeep, or the pickup jeep, or the power wagon, whichever one of the three could be operated, the vehicle is likely to need repair before it can run again. Hard days on the road and hard days of repairing with insufficient tools—so it goes for the men whose skill and strength fit them for the road work. Should they get caught up, some local potentate will ask a favor that may involve a forty-mile drive or there will be a bridge to replace.

Riders on the comfortable roads of U. S. remember the Ministers of Transportation in Liberia.

Church of the Resurrection in Hopewell Junction, N. Y. on the 5th.

From the 6th to 8th Sr. Clare conducted a retreat here for a teen age group from the Church of the Redeemer in Pelham, N. Y. That same weekend we enjoyed having Sr. Mary Michael with us at the Mother House. She had come to New York for an educational meeting.

On the 10th we had a School of Prayer

re for women from the Church of the Holy Communion in Norwood, N. J. Sr. Matia conducted retreats for some of our associates and friends on the 12th and the 13th.

On the 11th Sr. Clare went to Walden, N. Y. to show our slides to a released-time class at St. Andrew's Church.

Sr. Mary Florence and Sr. Elisabeth were in South Hadley, Mass. the 13th to 15th. They conducted a School of Prayer for students from Smith, Mount Holyoke, and Amherst and spoke to the Holyoke Canterbury Club.

Sr. Josephine gave a talk on the Religious Life to the students in the Canterbury Club at Bennett College in Millbrook, N. Y. on the 17th.

Sr. Alice gave a Quiet Day at St. Paul's, Pleasant Valley, N. Y., on the 19th.

The Sisters had no outside appointments in the latter part of March. From Palm Sunday on, all of us concentrated upon the celebration of the mysteries of our Lord's Passion.

We observe Holy Week in strict silence and with all the liturgical beauty possible. On Wed., Thurs. and Fri. evenings we sing antiphons and Lauds of the following day. *Tenebrae*, the name given to these offices of the last three days of Holy Week, is a Latin word meaning shadows. At the beginning of the service 15 candles are lighted in a triangular candlestick called the *Tenebrae* cense. During the service they are extinguished one by one until only the top candle, signifying our Lord, is still lighted. During the singing of the Benedictus the 6 star candles are put out and the one lighted candle is hidden from view. The Miserere (Psalm 51) and a collect are said in darkness. After a pause a noise is made, symbolizing the earthquake at the time of the resurrection. The lighted candle is restored to its place, as a symbol of the Risen Lord, and we quietly leave the chapel.

On Maundy Thursday morning, following Mass, the blessed Sacrament is carried in procession to the Altar of Repose. Watch is kept by each Sister in turn from then until the Mass of the Presanctified on Friday morning.

Good Friday morning we have the Altar Service, much of which dates back to pre-Nicene days, the Veneration of the Cross, which originated in fourth century Jerusalem, and the Mass of the Presanctified. The Veneration includes the Reproaches with their respond, "O my people, what have I done unto thee, or wherein have I wearied thee? Testify against me?"

At noon on Friday we go to the Three Hour Service at St. George's, Newburgh. This year the Rev. Charles H. Graf, Rector of St. John's-in-the-Village, N. Y. C., was the preacher.

On Holy Saturday evening we have the Liturgy of the Restored Paschal Vigil, including the blessing of the New Fire and of the Paschal Candle, the reading of Old Testament prophecies, and the Litany of the Saints. Early on Easter morning we go to Mass at St. George's.

"The Lord is risen, Alleluia.
He is risen indeed, Alleluia."

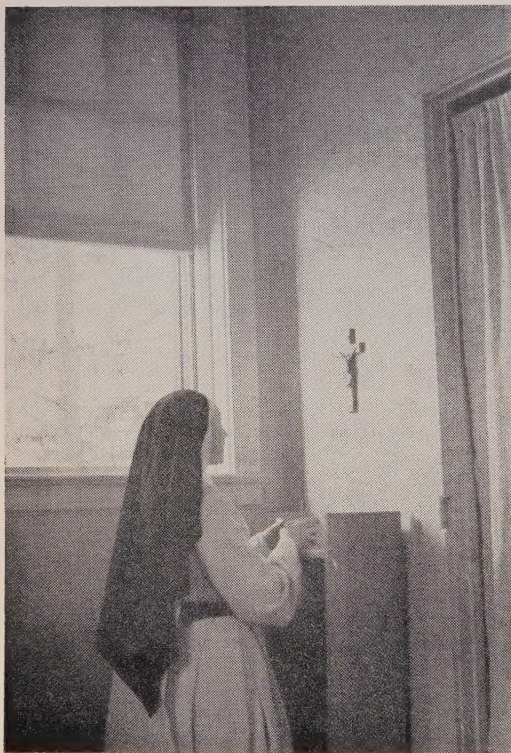
The month of April was not yet filled on our convent calendar at the time of writing, but the following events had been scheduled.

On the 16th Sr. Clare is showing slides to the Woman's Auxiliary of Otsego County, N. Y. in their meeting at St. Mary's Church in Springfield Center.

The wives of students at Berkeley Divinity School, New Haven, Conn. will make a retreat here the 17th to 19th.

On the 20th Sr. Josephine and Sr. Elisabeth will be at the meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of St. John's Church in Cornwall, N. Y. Sr. Josephine will give a talk about the Holy Eucharist.

Versailles Notes



March came in like a subdued lion, to find a lone jasmine blossom open in the convent patio, and curly quarter-inch tulip leaf-tips showing above ground. He found the convent depleted as to numbers, with Sister Rachel and Sister Mary Joseph away at meetings in the East. They went first to the meetings of the Episcopal School Association at Greenwich, Connecticut, and then on to Boston for the gathering of the National Association of Principals of Schools for Girls, in Boston. Sister Mary Joseph took part in a conference at Wellesley College, on colleges recommended as alternatives to the large Eastern women's colleges. Sister Mary Michael was in New York the 6th and 7th for the meetings of the Secondary Education Board.

The girls were away on vacation March 6th to 17th. Before and after the holidays they worked like Trojans earning money

for their Lenten mite boxes. The Upper School classes went at it competitively with no reward promised except glory and the joy of having money to give for the bringing in of the Kingdom. Each class had a different project. The seniors washed sweaters and faculty cars, and did mending. The Juniors sold hot dogs on Sunday evenings and did the Spring room cleaning and washing that each student is responsible for before leaving for vacation. The Sophomores put on a Variety Show one Saturday evening, and put up hair. The Freshmen and Eighth Grade specialized in cleaning a Faculty homes, and sold Knox gelatine neatly capsuled, and guaranteed to improve fingernail health. The Easter Lenten offering represented much more than mere money.

Your reporter hesitates to write ahead of time about the Sisters' calm and happy holidays, since her gifts as a prophetess were shown by the accident at Christmas to be on the feeble side. She warns you that these notes about what happened in March are written on the first day of the month, not the last. With that much insurance against misunderstanding, she can state fairly confidently that the holidays were restful and refreshing. Sister Mary Michael conducted a Quiet Day for the Louisville Guild of St. Helena at St. Thomas Church, Lyndon, on the 11th. She was driven home the next day by three faithful associates of the Order, who come several times a year for a visit, and a day of sewing and mending for the Convent. It is thanks to them that our clothes and linen are kept in respectable repair. Sister Rachel gave a talk on Faith at St. George's Church, Memphis, Tennessee on Sunday afternoon, March 15th.

Our convent guest rooms were in use by retreatants three week-ends in Lent. Two of our 1958 alumnae, on vacation from college, came, and brought a friend each, to keep with us the Triduum of Holy Week and the Paschal Feast.

An Ordo of Worship and Intercession Apr. -- May -- 1959

- 15 *Thursday W Mass of Easter ii gl pref of Easter till Ascension unless otherwise directed—
for all victims of oppression*
- 17 *Friday W As on April 16—for the conversion of the heathen*
- 18 *Of St. Mary Simple W gl pref BVM (Veneration)—for the Order of St. Helena*
- 19 *3rd Sunday after Easter Double W gl col 2) St. Alphege BM cr—for the reunion of Christ-
endom*
- 20 *Monday W Mas of Easter iii gl—for all missions and retreats*
- 21 *St. Anselm BCD Double W gl cr—for the Church of England*
- 22 *Wednesday W as on April 20—for the Presiding Bishop*
- 23 *St. George M Simple R gl—for the British Commonwealth*
- 24 *Friday W as on April 20—for the Companions of the Order of the Holy Cross*
- 25 *St. Mark Evangelist Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—for the Seminarists Associates*
- 26 *4th Sunday after Easter Double W gl cr—for the Oblates of Mt. Calvary*
- 27 *Monday W Mass of Easter iv gl—for the Priests Associate*
- 28 *St Paul of the Cross Simple W gl—for the Religious Life*
- 29 *Wednesday W as on April 27—for the Society of St. Stephen*
- 30 *St. Catherine of Siena V Double W gl—for R gl cr pref of Apostles—for social justice*
- 1 *SS Philip and James App Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—for social justice*
- 2 *St Athanasius BCD Double W gl cr—for the Liberian Mission*
- 3 *Invention of the Holy Cross Double II Cl R gl col 2) Easter v cr pref of Passiontide—for the
Order of the Holy Cross*
- 4 *St Monica W Double W gl col 2) Rogation Mass V col 2) St Monica—for the Order of St Anne*
- 5 *Conversion of St Augustine Double W gl col 2) Rogation or after Rogation procession Rogation
Mass V col 2) St Augustine—for the Confraternity of the Love of God*
- 6 *St John before the Latin Gate Gr Double R gl col 2) Vigil of Ascension 3) Rogation or Mass of
Vigil W gl col 2) St John 3) Rogation or after Rogation procession Rogation Mass V col 2) St
John 3) Vigil—for the Society of St John the Evangelist*
- 7 *Ascension Day Double I Cl gl cr pref of Ascension till Whitsunday unless otherwise directed
paschal candle extinguished after Gospel—in thanksgiving for the Glory of Christ our Ascend-
ed King*
- 8 *Within the Octave W Mass of Ascension gl—for the Polish National Catholic Church*
- 9 *St Gregory Nazianzene Double W gl col 2) Ascension cr—for the Confraternity of the Chris-
tian Life*
- 10 *Sunday after Ascension Double W gl col 2) Ascension cr—for the United Nations*
- 11 *Within the Octave W as on May 8—for the Community of the Transfiguration*
- 12 *Within the Octave W gl col 2) SS Nereus Pancras and Achilles or Mass of the Saints col 2)
Ascension—for rural Christian work*
- 13 *Within the Octave W as on May 8—for all who minister to the sick*
- 14 *Octave of the Ascension Gr Double W gl col 2) St Pachomius Ab cr—for all in weakness and
suffering*
- 15 *Friday W as on May 8—for the Holy Cross Press and Periodicals*
- 16 *Vigil of Pentecost W at Mass R gl pref of Whitsunday—for all bishops of the Church*

Note: On the memorials of Saints marked Simple Mass may be said of the feria in Eastertide W gl col 2) Saint.

. . . Press Notes . . .

SOMETHING DIFFERENT is being added

Our own artist has designed a series of folders with appropriate scripture verses on the outside. Inside is blank for a personal message. These were intended for the use of the Order but requests for such cards by clergy and laymen have been so numerous the Order has decided to offer them to the public. Seven have been printed and more designs are being worked out.

The Holy Cross Motto means "The Cross is the Medicine of the World."

The listing on opposite page gives more of the details.

We hope you will find these folders useful. They can be purchased from the Holy Cross Press, West Park, N. Y.

But some queer ones come also. I have thought the other night about the change in hospital life and operations as compared to some years back. Why do they ask you if you want a "*Private* or *Semi-private*" room when you register? Neither term seems to apply no matter which you choose (or can afford). Seems like the word *Privacy* does not mean much today. The *private* or *semi-private* seems to be a choice between listening to your own snoring or sharing with another. And of course it is always a matter of expenses. Not many can afford the luxury rooms, except that hospitalization covers it all. Everyone does not have this. It all made me wonder how a man on low wages and small or no hospital insurance gets any care at all. There is a lot of truth in the various criticisms of hospital and benefit schemes we have been reading lately in magazines. Do the British have a better plan for the *common* man?

These notes are written as I am doing another stint in the hospital. One spends many hours awake at night and so many thoughts and ideas pass through the mind at that time, and on such various subjects. One realizes all the good things the doctors and nurses are always doing; one realizes what blessings the visiting priest brings with his visits and prayers. But one great experience has been the blessings bestowed upon me with the prayers and anointing with oil for the sick. I bear witness to these blessings and thank God always for giving us this means to bring us to whole health and strength. So the blessings are among the thoughts as one lays awake at night.

The March winds do blow,
And we do have snow!

And we have a lot of catalogs to look over and think of Spring. I've been looking through numbers of flower catalogs seeking things to beautify the surroundings of the Press Building. We need plants and shrubs and I would like to get some healthy (climbing) vine stock to cover the wall. I can't find this in any of the catalogs. Do you know where I may get some? And of course the "Fishing Annual" has given me much pleasure and filled me with hope that Spring is not far away. And then—have you looked over our own catalog to see what you have not read? Send for one!

A Blessed Easter To All!